

BUSINESS CARDS.

HERRICK & TARK,
Attorneys at Law,
Bethel, Me.

M. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney at Law,
Bethel, Me.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at
Bethel, Maine.
Long Distance Telephone.

DR. R. E. TINKER,
Physician and Surgeon,
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Long Distance Telephone.

Pine State Custom Shoes

For men and women, \$1.50. Best shoe made in Maine. Also children's shoes. I also have a good stock of Robbers, Leggers, etc.

Repairing done well and promptly.

E. E. RANDALL,
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E. E. Whitney & Co.

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Marble & Granite Workers.

Class Design.
First-Class Workmanship.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered.
Get our prices.

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GRAND TRUNK

IN EFFECT JUNE 18.

| | A.M. | P.M. |
|------------------|-------|-------|
| Portland, Me., | 1.30 | 6.30 |
| Bethel, Me., | 2.30 | 7.30 |
| Waterville, Me., | 3.30 | 8.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 4.30 | 9.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 5.30 | 10.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 6.30 | 11.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 7.30 | 12.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 8.30 | 1.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 9.30 | 2.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 10.30 | 3.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 11.30 | 4.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 12.30 | 5.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 1.30 | 6.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 2.30 | 7.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 3.30 | 8.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 4.30 | 9.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 5.30 | 10.30 |
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| Calais, Me., | 8.30 | 1.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 9.30 | 2.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 10.30 | 3.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 11.30 | 4.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 12.30 | 5.30 |

Trains Going West.

| | A.M. | P.M. |
|------------------|-------|-------|
| Portland, Me., | 8.30 | 1.30 |
| Bethel, Me., | 9.30 | 2.30 |
| Waterville, Me., | 10.30 | 3.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 11.30 | 4.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 12.30 | 5.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 1.30 | 6.30 |
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| Calais, Me., | 8.30 | 1.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 9.30 | 2.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 10.30 | 3.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 11.30 | 4.30 |
| Calais, Me., | 12.30 | 5.30 |

The Grand Trunk Island Ferry at 10 p. m. and the one leaving Portland at 6 p. m. carries a safe parking car.

W. A. HUNTING, Agent.

A Hasty Discovery.

That Timothy—What do matter.

Timothy—What do matter.

Timothy—What do matter.

Timothy—What do matter.

Timothy—What do matter.

Timothy—What do matter.

Timothy—What do matter.

Timothy—What do matter.

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Timothy—What do matter.

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Timothy—What do matter.

Timothy—What do matter.

WHAT CHARLES DICKENS SAID.

Great Writer's Remark to Small Boy Lingered Long in Memory.

Mr. Henry C. Robinson, a witty lawyer who used to live in Hartford, Conn., once told the following anecdote one evening when he was introducing an English author to a Hartford audience. "The first famous Englishman whom I ever saw was Charles Dickens, who lectured here in Hartford when I was a young boy. I had read some of the stories of this great writer, and I was most anxious to catch a glimpse of the man himself. So on the afternoon when he was expected to arrive I walked up and down the street in front of the hotel where I knew he was to stay. The hotel was built close to the sidewalk, and the iron window of the parlor were so low that the passerby could easily see into the room. I soon realized that a gentleman was sitting within, reading a paper. I stepped close up under the window and pressed my face against the glass, eager to get a good look at the stranger. Yes, it was he! It really was! I had seen his picture often, and could not be mistaken. I stared and stared, anxious to impress every feature upon my memory. After a few moments he turned and saw me there, the little, eager Yankee boy, staring up at his face; and then the famous man, laying aside his paper, actually spoke, so that I really heard the voice of the great Charles Dickens himself, and he was really talking to me!" Here Mr. Robinson paused impressively, and some one on the platform inquired, "What did he say, Mr. Robinson?" "He said," replied Mr. Robinson, in subdued tones, "Go away, little boy! go away!"

PAPA'S IDEA OF ECONOMY.

All Right When It Only Affects Pleasures of Others.

Not long ago we heard a man's little daughter say to him: "Papa, can't I have a nickel to buy some gum?" He was a good, kind man, and he didn't refuse her request. He pulled her on the breast and said, "Remember, your old dad can't afford such things. It takes all our money to buy bread and meat and keep you and mamma in shoes." She looked disappointed and walked away. Presently he started home. He felt as if a hot iron would help his appetite and put him in a more cheerful frame of mind in which to greet his family, as he walked in and put his right shoe upon the footstool. "What you have, boy?" he asked. "Some of them took 'em straight; some took it diluted with water. Nobody condescended to take beer. Our friend plunked down a dollar. When the bartender rang up the register it showed 55 cents—Lamar Democrat."

Hayden's Grave.

The city council of Vienna has made formal overtures to the authorities of Massachusetts looking toward the removal of the bones of Joseph Hayden to Vienna. Hayden, the city fathers say, "a fitting resting place will be provided by the city." This will be near the graves of Beethoven and Schubert. Hayden was 77 years old when he died in Vienna in 1858. He was buried in a little cemetery near the Hundsturm line, and at the head of the grave was placed a small stone, at the expense of his pupil, Sigismund Richter of Weimar. The stone bore only the name "Hayden" and the inscription, "Now comes Mozart." In 1890 Prince Esterhazy had the body removed to Eisenstadt, where Hayden had been music director from 1796 to 1819, and there an elaborate monument with ample inscription was erected.

Hard Water.

A farm woman in Pennsylvania once said: "I never hear anyone say 'The old chicken' without a shudder." For 15 years she had done the cooking and washing for a family of six with no other water supply than what she had hauled out of a well every 20 feet deep by means of a bucket. Chicken in water were almost out of the question, and even in the summer they were regarded as an occasion of more than ordinary importance, for which preparations had to be made hours ahead of the great event. A cubic foot of water weighs 7.48 pounds, and in all these years the number of times the woman had lifted and made people shudder by "chicken" and "monstrous" buckets a good deal like saying "rope" to a man about to be hanged—Falmouth.

Man's Wife Shows Age.

"You can tell a man's age by his head," said one of the girls. "They do hardly and strain and tighten. They get old under the hair." "You can tell it more at all, I think," said the woman. "For his wife, I know a man who has been one of the brightest and best of his kind, who is still the best colleague I know, but the other day when I saw him come toward me at his home about the land it made me actually sick to see the heavy, old, old way in which he walked."

The Youngest Literature.

The young couple drove to the railway after the wedding, accompanied by the best men, who had come here to have with the bride. Just before the bride started he handed a book to the bride, saying: "This was the first book I read on your honeymoon." After the train had started the young husband took the book and found that it was the "Youngest Literature." "This was the first book I read on your honeymoon," said the bride.

UTILIZING THE BONES.

Surprising That This Valuable Food Material Is Allowed to Waste.

It is a surprise to me that the bones produced on the farm and coming from the table of the farmer are not more generally utilized in the feeding of poultry, says a writer in Farmers' Review. I bought a good bone cutter several years ago and found that it worked to perfection. I had heard about it being hard work to cut or grind bones, but I think that must be the case only with the old machines that are now out of date. Ways have been found of making the work easy, the newer machines being so adjusted that the power required is comparatively small. I found that I had at hand a big supply of all kinds of bones. From the butcher shop I got fresh bones with the meat hanging to them. When the bones were around they presented an appearance of being largely ground meat. The fowls ate them with avidity and they certainly had a stimulating effect. I was able to utilize all the bones that came from our own dining table, and that was a large amount. These bones had always been thrown away before that. The bones contain not only lime, but they also contain some phosphorus and some nitrogen. They are a good food for fowls, whose glands are made for the utilizing of such materials. Of course the droppings of the hens so fed are richer than are the droppings of hens that have no ground bones. The difference is largely in the amount of phosphorus. I wonder that more farmers do not have machines for preparing bones for fowls.

VENTILATION FOR HIVE.

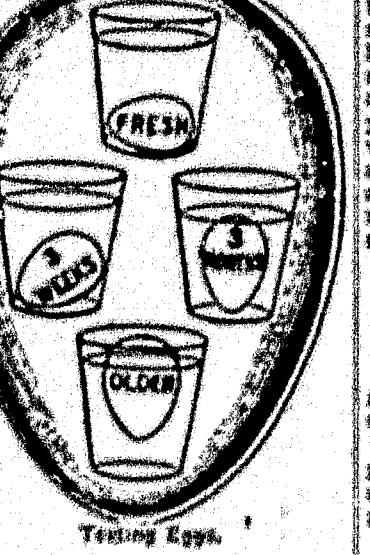
The Advantage of More Than One Entrance to Hives.

Dr. Miller says, in referring to the advantage of having more than one entrance to a hive during the height of the honey-flow: "You can not make me believe it is not easier for the bees to have one hole for the air to go out and another for it to come in than to make the air go both ways in the same hole." This is something for the practical beekeeper of to-day to think over very carefully, says Cleanings in Bee Culture. Too much ventilation sometimes certainly is bad, but is there not somewhere a golden mean by which we can relieve the bees of a great load of work? Or, to put it another way, is it necessary to keep a large force of workers at home idling during the heat of the day if we can by some mechanical means reduce the temperature of the hive, allowing this force to go to the fields? This question will hinge somewhat on whether comb or extracted honey is produced.

TO TELL AGE OF EGG.

Fresh Egg Will Sink When Placed in a Glass of Water.

A fresh egg will sink when placed in water and rest on its side; if three weeks old it will incline slightly with



Testing Eggs.

the small end down. If three months old it will stand on the small end, and if older it will float with large end out of water more or less, according to age.

Plymouth Rocks.

There are now three kinds of Plymouth Rocks—the Barred Plymouth Rocks, White Plymouth Rocks and Buff Plymouth Rocks. The two latter are new strains that have been recently produced. The most popular is still the Barred Plymouth Rocks, which has been bred by the farmers since the first appearance of the breed. The Barred Plymouth Rock has failed to hold its own against all new varieties that may appear. In fact, it would be hard to find why the White and Buff strains are superior to the others. It is possible that their color plays a role.

Looking After Setting Hens.

If the setting hen can have a little pen outside the nest, where she can get out, stretch, and drink when she desires, it will not be necessary to bother her on the nest and the labor of setting her off to eat at certain intervals will be avoided. Consequently, however, a hen will not leave the nest often enough to obtain sufficient food and water to eat and all of that food must be attended to regularly.

Watch Like an Brave Man.

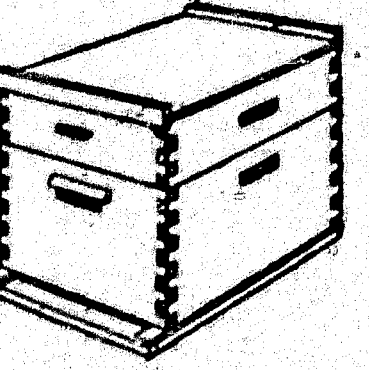
With hens brooding the young, the farmer should bear in mind that it is in this season for the hen to become very nervous before the presence of a hawk, and that the farmer should be ready to protect her.



BEST KIND OF HIVE.

Do Not Use the Box Hive Because It Is Hard to Get At.

Box hives, says Farm and Home, are not advised. Even though you now think you will never open a hive, you may change your mind, and then it will be better to have had movable-frame hives from the start. Your bees may fall into the hands of someone who will treat the movable frames. A colony in a box hive may be queenless; you are helpless; the colony is doomed. With movable frames you can easily determine the condition of the colony and supply a queen, if lacking. There is no longer any patent on the movable frame and good work may be done with any one of the different forms. The idea that if you adopt a certain make of hive you will get an extra amount of honey is all fool-dorol. Bees don't gather and store honey; bees do that. One of the simplest as well as one of the best is the dovetailed hive, so called because its corners are locked together for greater strength. It is the most popular among men who produce honey by the ton, as well as among amateurs who keep one or two colonies for the pleasure of it. Each comb is in a wooden frame, and one or all the combs can be lifted out of the hive and returned at will, and this feature of all movable-frame hives. The frame used in the dovetailed hive is called the Langstroth frame and is 17 1/2 inches long and 9 1/2 inches deep, outside measure.



Dovetailed Hive.

For the production of extracted honey, a ten-frame hive is best. For comb honey it is also best, except for those who pay a great deal of attention to their bees. Such persons may do as well or better with an eight-frame hive, but for those who have only a few colonies and do not expect to spend much time with them, a five or six frame hive is not to be thought of. Too much danger that the bees will be scared of stores and stores in winter or spring.

Another reason why the larger hive is better for the average farmer is that bees are not so much given to swarming where they are in large hives. However, swarming you may be now to have your colonies swarm so as to increase the number of colonies, you may rest assured that the time will come when you will be still more anxious that your bees swarm. Every swarm from a colony means just so much cutting down of the honey crop for the current year.

CHICKEN CHATTER.

Influence of Bad Eggs.

When a bad egg is placed among good ones it doesn't take it long to spoil them.

The sex of a hen may be distinguished by the voice. The female has a loud, coarse voice, while that of the male is low and squeaky.

If a hen is cut in two and placed in the poultry house, in a short time nothing but the tail will be left. The same is true of mangled chickens.

The comb of a hen or pullet, if it shows up good and red, indicates that the bird is in good condition and laying, or that the laying time is near at hand.

Early hatched pullets are the ones that make the winter layers, and this should be borne in mind both in getting and the hatching and in picking out the females to keep over winter.

Pure bred poultry, first, last and all the time, is the source of many broods, but a well cared for flock of common chickens will do better than a neglected flock of the best breed on earth.

If you provide several inches of chick or fillet on the floor of your room, the chickens will not be troubled with houseflies—between caused by heavy birds jumping from the perch on to the floor.

Any old kind of chicken will lay in the winter, but it is the early hatched, well fed, healthy matured pullet that will lay when eggs are scarce and high priced. And a little foresight will produce these birds.

Chickens and chickens go well together. Anything that promotes well production is also good to feed to hens, even to the chicken and other birds, and will be one of the best ration that can be given to the laying hen.

Keeping male birds with females that are not used for breeding is a waste of food. The male will keep the female from laying and the male will keep the female from laying and the male will keep the female from laying.

The Kitchen Floor

is the hardest floor in the house to keep in good condition. But put on a coat of

PORTLAND FLOOR PAINT

and you will have the brightest looking, the most easily cleaned and the best wearing surface possible to have. Our FLOOR PAINTS may be used anywhere indoors with perfect results. They dry over night, and harden to a granite-like surface. For outdoor work, such as piazzas, steps, decks, etc., we make a perfect product in

PORTLAND DECK PAINTS.

BURGESS FOBES & CO
PORTLAND, MAINE

For Sale by W. E. Bosserman.

IRA C. JORDAN.

Dealer in
General Merchandise and
GRAIN
BETHEL, MAINE.

C. K. FOX

DEALER IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes,
Gents' Furnishings

Ask about Dutchess Trousers

Ten cents a button, one dollar a rip.

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

Sucrene Dairy Feed

Has no equal

It is composed of Cotton Seed Meal, Gluten Feed, Corn, Oats and Barley product with Molasses and is STRICTLY UNADULTERATED. No healthier or profitable feed for dairy purposes can be devised.

It makes healthier and fatter cows, more and better milk for less money than any other feed.

Feed equal amounts in weight as you do of other grains. Sold by

Woodbury & Purington,
Bethel, Maine.

Driving Into Nets.

In the old days every southern gentleman had his net for quail. The drive was an event in the country. Our stock of today may never enjoy such sport. In the proper season the neighbors were invited. All came on horseback, for while quail will rise from the approach of a dog or man, they will run along the ground ahead of a gentle horse. Much skill was required to drive a quail into the net. As many as 20 horsemen would form a semicircle and slowly, patiently, steadily make the round-up, all driving toward the common center, yet from one general direction only, and that always against the wind. The net had been of hidden the wind. An impatient man on a fractious horse might drive a quail of half a day by himself.

BASE-BAWLED NURSERY RHYMES.

(By a fanatical fan.)

Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
The ball came for to see.
They sat up there
Because the ball
Lacked the admission fee.

Rock-a-bye, baby,
On the tree-top.
When the wind blows the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall.
And down like a leaf will your baby fall.

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And I know where she's had them
(This year little dunch,
Up to the last year,
With a lot of "rocks" behind them.)

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PAID MONEY FOR A PEEP.

Children Alleged Woman-Sold-Holes in Baseball Fence.

Charged with selling permission to outsiders to come into her yard and look through the holes in her fence at the baseball game at Piedmont park without a license, Mrs. M. Hatchett appeared in the police court at Atlanta, Ga., and after a hearing she was allowed her freedom by the Recorder.

Detective Lockhart made the case at the instance of the police officer at the park. It was stated that Mrs. Hatchett charged five cents a head to look through the cracks and holes in her fence, which is part of the fence enclosing the baseball ground, and see the games. One little boy was in court as witness, and testified to having paid Mrs. Hatchett's little girl a nickel to see the game, but not being well pleased with the location had his money refunded and left.

Mrs. Hatchett denied that she charged any money for looking through the holes. There was no evidence produced during the trial that Mrs. Hatchett was engaged in such a business, and Judge Broyles dismissed the case on condition that the lady did not accept any pay from those people whom she allowed to go into her yard and see the games.

HOW TO CURE A NOSE BLEED.

Some Suggestions Made to a Sufferer by a Sympathetic Crowd.

A man whose nose was bleeding stood in the alley near the sidewalk south of the Dwight building the other afternoon, his head bowed and the blood dripping rapidly to the ground. A crowd of sympathizers and questioners gathered around him, says the Kansas City Star.

"Say, fellow, if your right nostril is bleeding hold your left hand high in the air for a minute or two," one man suggested. Up went the hand of the sufferer.

"A better way to stop it is to hold a key down your back as far as possible, something like this," another member of the crowd suggested. The man with the bleeding nose fumbled in his pocket for a second and brought forth a key, which he shoved down his back and held it there for a time.

"A better way than that is to stick a roll of paper or something under the upper lip," a third one suggested. The man drew a piece of paper from his pocket and stuck it under the upper lip.

"Say, partner, the trouble is your blood has a tendency to flow upward. Now, if you will stand on your head and allow the blood to flow the other way it will stop that nose bleeding at once."

This was too much for the man with the bleeding nose. Holding a handkerchief to his nose he pushed a way through the crowd and walked rapidly down the street.

"If that man would only lay flat on his back and hold his feet in the air his nose would stop bleeding at once," was a parting suggestion. But the man with the bleeding nose did not hear him.

ALANG OF NEW GUINEA.

Grass That Makes Fierce Warfare on All Other Kinds of Vegetation.

Dr. Puch, the Austrian anthropologist, who has spent a long time in New Guinea studying its natives and its geography, tells of a remarkable variety of grass that makes fierce warfare upon other kinds of vegetation so that practically nothing else grows where it gets a foothold.

The thick, and tough stalk, but its greatest peculiarity is its roots, which spread out through every particle of earth they reach and give it a matted texture something like felt. There is really no room left for the roots of any other kind of vegetation.

Fields of alang cannot exist in forests because the plant does not thrive in the shade. Neither can any kind of tree make headway in a patch of alang.

The two kinds of vegetation are antagonistic. One will not grow where the other exists. Large patches of alang are found surrounded by timber and remain there like islands, for no trees will grow in them. Between the alang and the forest is a sort of neutral zone, for the shade of the high trees prevents the development of the grass.

The New Guinea natives help to extend the area covered by this grass. Each year they make a new clearing in the forest for their little plantations. As soon as these are abandoned the alang takes firm lodgment there. It has won just so much territory from the forest and it yields to no comers.

HER GIFTS TO JOHN

OF COURSE HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN PLEASED, BUT—

Possibly Presents of Some Other Kind Would Have Been More Acceptable to That Worldly-Minded Individual.

Of course it would not be so bad if he was one of those nice, ladylike men who can discriminate between handwrought and machine-made lace and can speak feelingly of color harmonies in wall paper, but he is not that kind at all.

He is just one of those bustling, hustling financiers, who is director in half a dozen big corporations and who rushes around on the floor of the chamber of commerce, forcing the market up or down as his interests lie.

He only has one weakness, and that is his wife, who is a small doll of a woman, deeply religious and who loves pretty things.

The other day she went off to Philadelphia to attend a missionary convention, and thence to Atlantic City with a group of delegates. Her return was heralded by express packages and souvenirs galore from the oriental shops of the seaside town, and she was showing her trophies to a friend.

"Didn't you bring John anything?" questioned the friend, knowing that John must have set up a neat check to permit of this expenditure.

"Yes; I brought John several things," replied the wife, "but he doesn't seem very enthusiastic over them."

"For one thing, I brought him a beautiful seed bowl. It is to represent a tomato on a lot of lettuce. So artistic, the red tomato on the green background."

John shot an agonized glance at the visitor over his newspaper.

"Then I bought him these," continued the wife proudly. She displayed some \$30 worth of East Indian lace in the form of centerpiece and doilies for the luncheon table.

"I bought these of the missionaries from India; they will be perfectly sweet when I give an afternoon tea."

"But that isn't all I got for John," she added quickly as she intercepted another exchange of glances between her lord and master and the visitor.

"I got him this!"

Here she produced from a bureau drawer a square of parchment. It was imposing in size and emblazoned with seals.

"Oh, bank stock!" cried the visitor.

"Now, that is something nice!"

"Not!" returned the wife scornfully. "Better than that. It is a life membership, price \$10, in the Woman's Foreign Missionary society."

And then she wondered why her guest had hysterics and her husband had the room—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

WEALTH OF CANADIAN FARMERS.

Are at Present Lending Money to the Manufacturers.

There is no question that the largest percentage of the amount at present on deposit in Canadian banks (some \$750,000,000) is controlled by the agricultural community. This vast amount is in addition to the large sums on deposit with trust and loan companies and in farm mortgages, for it is well known that in recent years the aggregate of farm mortgages, in Ontario and Quebec particularly, has been decreased. The farmers to-day as a class are not borrowers, but lenders. This is markedly so in Ontario.

Turning to the other side of the banking returns, it is observed that current loans and discounts, which represent the volume of money employed in the manifold industries of the country, have increased in just about the same ratio as the deposits.

In other words, the manufacturers of the country and those engaged in other lines of activity are borrowing the capital required in their various enterprises from the farmers.

Nature Fails.

"You know Haeckel, Ernst Haeckel, the wonderful German scientist of Jena?" said a globe trotter. "I have seen that man eat snakes, monkeys, and iguanas."

"It was in Ceylon, in a village called Belgams. We were spending the winter there, and we had a fine time, although it was too hot. Haeckel ate his queer food in his daily curries, taking the profoundest scientific interest in them."

"His old cook to-day would give him a curried snake, to-morrow an iguana, the next day a sea spider, the day after a monkey. And Haeckel would laugh, taste the meat curiously, and if it was good, eat it with appetite."

"A strange man, a scientific machine—yet very lovable—if a centipede was sweet and tender, he would as soon eat it as chicken."

Fewer Love Letters Now.

"It's wonderful how few love letters are recalled through the mails these days," remarked a postoffice attaché the other day. "I can remember when scores of swains came in every day to take advantage of the postal provisions for recalling letters after they had been mailed. It is not difficult to notice a great falling off in the proportion of the letters from young men to girls that are recalled. I take it that people are getting more careful about what they say. Then there is another reason—the telephone. Young men do not write love letters so much when they can call their sweethearts on the phone and have a few minutes' chat with them every day or two in a neighboring city. Still, I don't suppose the old-fashioned love letter will ever be entirely supplanted."

Sacred Trees of India.

There are many sacred trees of India which enter largely into the religious life of the Hindus. Chief among these is the palm tree and the trembling poplar. Nearly all the higher hills and rocks in the plains are crowned each by a temple, shrine or sacred tree. The poplar is known as the king of trees. It is the most holy, and the three great spirits of the Hindu dwell therein. The worship of the tree is the worship of the triad Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. Almost every Indian village has its poplar tree, with a raised platform or altar around it. The devout remove their shoes before it and make obeisance before proceeding on their way.

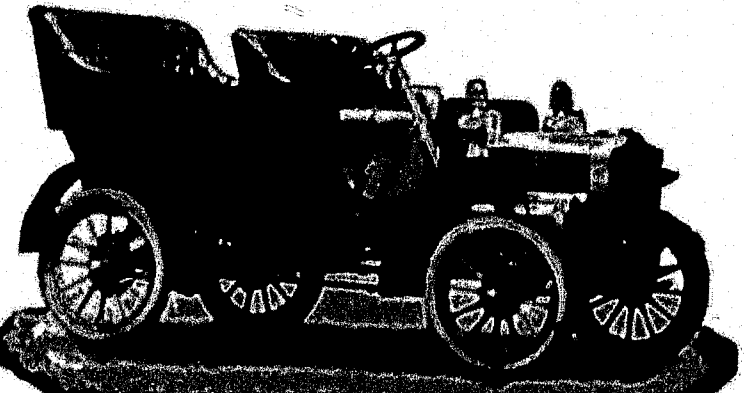
Found the Night Principle.

"Much of my success in life," said the millionaire, "was due to the advice of my friends."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the skeptical person.

"Yes," replied the man of millions. "I always listened to it—but never followed it."

Both of
The
Maxwell
Cars entered in the
"SEALED BONNET"
Contest made PERFECT scores



One was a 12-14 H. P. Tourabout, and the other a 15-Passenger, 20-24 H. P. Touring Car, both of them ordinary stock cars.

Although the "MAXWELL" was by no means the only car to win this peculiarly exacting test with a perfect score, we want to call your especial attention to the fact that this "MAXWELL" Touring Car costing only \$11,450.00, and the Tourabout, costing only \$825.00, performed every bit as well as the successful cars which cost three and four times as much.

The "MAXWELL" also swept the entire field of light cars at the West Wilkes-Barre and Bridgeport hill climbs.

The "MAXWELL" holds the 3,000-mile non-stop record of the world, won the Denning Trophy in the (Hidden) Tour of 1928, and has won endurance contest after contest.

HERRICK BROS., Bethel, Me.
Agents for Oxford County.

ATHERTON FURNITURE CO.'S
August Clearance Sale

is now going on.
A great money-saving event in the furniture lines.

Big reductions in all departments.
Note a Few of The Prices Below:—

| DINING TABLES | | IRON BEDS | |
|---------------|----------------|--------------|---------------------|
| \$35 | Tables, \$28 | \$15.75 | Bed, \$12 |
| \$25 | Tables, \$20 | \$12.75 | Bed, \$ 9.75 |
| \$18.75 | Tables, \$15 | \$ 8.50 | Bed, \$ 6.75 |
| \$10 | Tables, \$ 8 | \$ 5.50 | Bed, \$ 4.90 |
| \$4.90 | Tables, \$4.50 | | |
| COUCHES | | CHIFFONNIERS | |
| \$25 | Couch, \$17.50 | \$30 | Chiffonier, \$25 |
| \$16 | Couch, \$12.75 | \$22 | Chiffonier, \$17.50 |
| \$11.75 | Couch, \$ 9.50 | \$16 | Chiffonier, \$13.50 |
| | | \$11.75 | Chiffonier, 9.75 |
| PARLOR SUITS | | SIDEBOARDS | |
| \$28.75 | Suits, \$22 | \$42 | Sideboard, \$35 |
| \$25 | Suits, \$19.75 | \$35 | Sideboard, \$30 |
| | | \$25 | Sideboard, \$19.50 |
| | | \$12.75 | Sideboard, \$10.90 |

ATHERTON FURNITURE COMPANY,

220 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.



Clicquot Club Ginger Ale

(PRONOUNCED "CLIK-O")
The finest, purest, most wholesome Summer Drink. Made of Pure Imported
Ginger and Water from our famous springs at Mills, Mass. Ask your
dealer for it. If he does not have it we will tell you where you can get it.
CLICQUOT CLUB CO. MILLIS, MASS.

2 BLACK STALLIONS 2
El Sable, 28,046
and his son
Sable Prince, 2.28 1-4.

Champion 3 year old trotting race stallion of Maine will stand for service
at Bethel, Maine, 1937.

For Terms address,
L. A. HALL Bethel, Me.

NEXT SUNDAY
EXCURSION
TO
RANGELEY LAKES
VIA THE
Maine Central R. R.

| | Leave | To Rangeley Falls and Return. | To Oquossoc and Return. |
|----------------------------|------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| LEWISTON. | 7:35 A. M. | | \$2.00 |
| POLAND. | 8:00 | | 2.00 |
| MECHANIC FALLS. | 8:14 | \$1.25 | 2.00 |
| MECHANIC FALLS. | 8:30 | | 1.75 |
| CANTON. | 9:03 | | 1.50 |
| DIXFIELD. | 9:26 | | 1.25 |
| RUMFORD FALLS. | 9:40 | | 1.00 |
| OQUOSSOC (RANGELEY LAKES). | 11:05 | | |

Connection is made at Oquossoc with steamer to and from Rangeley giving time for a beautiful sail the entire length of Rangeley Lake and three hours for dinner at Rangeley Lake House and sight seeing.

Returning leave Oquossoc 3:35 p. m., arriving Mechanic Falls 6:24 p. m., Lewiston 7:05 p. m.

Tickets at ONE FARE THE ROUND TRIP will also be sold from and to intermediate stations where trains are scheduled to stop. Passengers from line of Grand Trunk Ry. can connect with this train at Mechanic Falls both going and returning.

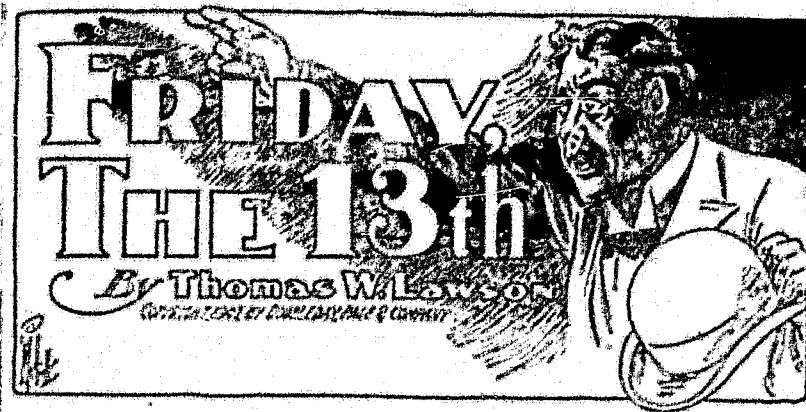
ANDOVER

we have inter-
posed into my
thoughts at father's
a stipend in one
stock known
entered a post
financial world
inherited all of
than four million
up among relat-
ive command of
me an income
half a year.

Once more I
into the firm.

"Not yet, Jim.
my seat and ab-
sential, and I
free to kick at
raked together
my own making
with you, and me
of the show, and
some along about
it will be 'An-
nouncement'."

He laughed, and
"You looked up-
perly locked upon



FRIDAY, THE 13th
By Thomas W. Lawson

"Well, sir, I should feel much better if I could go over there into the world and smash it out for myself. You see, if I could win out alone and pay back the seat price, and then make a pile for myself, if you felt later like giving me another chance to come into the firm, then I should not be laying myself open to the charge of being a mere pensioner on your friendship. You know what I mean, sir, and won't think I am filled with any low-down pride, but if you will let me have the price of a stock exchange seat on my note, and will give me the chance, when I get the hang of the ropes, to handle some of the firm's orders, I shall be just as much beholden to you and Jim, sir, and shall feel a lot better myself."

I knew what Bob meant; so did father, and we were glad enough to do what he asked, father insisting on making the seat price in the form of a present, after explaining to us that a foundation stock exchange rule prohibited an applicant from borrowing the seat price. Four years after Bob Browney entered the stock exchange he had paid back the forty thousand, with interest, and not only had a snug fifty thousand to his credit on Randolph & Randolph's books, but was sending home six thousand a year while living up to, as he jokingly put it, "an honest man's notch." I may say in passing, that a Wall street man's notch would make twice six thousand yearly earnings cast an uncertain shadow at Christmas time. Bob was the favorite of the exchange, as he had been the pet at school and at college, and had his hands full of business 300 days in the year. Besides Randolph & Randolph's choicest commissions, he had the confidential orders of two of the heavy plunging cliques.

I had just passed my thirty-second birthday when my kind old dad suddenly died. For the previous six years I had been getting ready for such an event; that is, I had grown accustomed to hearing my father say: "Jim, don't let any grass grow in getting the hang of every branch of our business, so that when anything happens to me there will be no disturbance in 'The Street' in regard to Randolph & Randolph's affairs. I want to let the world know as soon as possible that after I am gone our business will run as it always has. So I will work you into my directorships in those companies where

and case of womanly. No woman, young or old, who had in any way crossed Bob's orbit but had felt that fascination, delicious to all women, in the presence of.

A soul by honor schooled, but he never seemed to see it. As my wife—for I had been three years married and had two little Randolphs to show that both Katherine Blair and I knew what marriage was for—never tired of saying, "Poor Bob! He's woman-blind, and it looks as though he would never get his sight in that direction."

"Then again, Jim," he continued in a tone of great seriousness, "there's a little secret I have never let even you into. The truth is I am not safe yet—not safe to speak for the old house of Randolph & Randolph. Yes, you may laugh—you who are, and always have been, as staunch and steady as the old bronze John Harvard in the yard, you who know Monday mornings just what you are going to do Saturday nights and all the days and nights in between, and who always do it. Jim, I have found since I have been over on the floor that the southern gambling blood that made by grandfather, on

one of his trips back from New York, though he had more land and slaves than he could use, stake his hand and a card game, and—less, and change the whole face of the Browney destiny—those same gambling microbes are in my blood, and when they begin to claw and gnaw I want to do something; and, Jim," and the big brown eyes suddenly shot sparks—"if those microbes ever get unleashed, there'll be mischief to pay on the floor—sure there will!"

Bob's handsome head was thrown back; his thin nostrils dilated as though there was in them the breath of conflict. The lips were drawn across the white teeth with just part enough to show their edges, and in the depths of the eyes was a darkened blaze that somehow gave the impression one gets in looking down some long avenue of black at the instant a locomotive headlight rounds a curve at night.

Twice before, way back in our college days, I had had a peep at the gambler's tongue of Bob's. Once in a crowd game in our room, when a crowd of New York classmates tried to run him out of a hand by the sheer

press him to come into our firm as a full partner.

Five years later, during which time affairs, business and social, had been slipping along as well as either Bob or I could have asked, I was preparing for another showdown to show my chum that the time had now come for him to help me in earnest, when a queer thing happened—one of those unaccountable incidents that God sometimes sees fit to drop across the life-paths of His children, paths heretofore as straight and far-ahead visible as highways along which one has never to look twice to see where he is traveling; one of those events that, looked at retrospectively, are beyond all human understanding.

It was a beautiful July Saturday noon and Bob and I had just "locked up" for the day preparatory to joining Mrs. Randolph on my yacht for a run down to our place at Newport. As we stepped out of his office one of the clerks announced that a lady had come in and had particularly asked to see Mr. Browney.

"Who the deuce can she be, coming in at this time on Saturday, just when all alive men are in a rush to shake the heat and dirt of business for food and the good air of all outdoors?" growled Bob. Then he said, "Show her in."

Another minute and he had his answer. "A lady entered."

"Mr. Browney?" She waited an instant to make sure he was the Virginian.

Bob bowed.

"I am Reuben Sands, of Sands Landing, Virginia. Your people know our people, Mr. Browney, probably well enough for you to place me."

"Of the Judge Lee Sands?" asked Bob, as he held out his hand.

"I am Judge Lee Sands' oldest daughter," said the sweetest voice I had ever heard, one of those mellow, rippling voices that start the imagination on a chase for a mocking bird, only to bring it up at the pool beneath the brook-fall in quest of the harp of moss and water-recesses that sends a bubbling cadence into its eddies and swirls. Perhaps it was the southern accent that stilled off the corners and edges of certain words and languidly let others mist themselves together, that gave it its luscious penetration—however that may be, it was the most noisier, no-to-morrow voice I had ever heard.

Before I grew fully conscious of the exquisite beauty of the girl, this voice of hers spelled its way into my brain like the breath of some bewitching oriental essence. Nature, environment, the security of a perfect marriage have ever combined to constitute me loyal to my chosen one, yet as I stood silent, like one dumb, absorbing the details of the loveliness of this young stranger who had so suddenly swept into my office, it came over me that here was a woman intended to enlighten men who could not understand that shaft which in all ages has without warning pierced men's hearts and been Katherine Blair, wife and mother—Katherine Blair Randolph, who filled my world as the moonlight August sun fills the old-fashioned well with needling warmth and restful shade—after this interval, looking back at the past, I dare ask the question—who knows but that I too might have drifted from the secure anchorage of my slow Yankee blood and floated into the deep waters?

(To be continued.)

PERU CENTER.

Mr. Bush has services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 10:30. Prayer meeting Friday evening at 7:30. Next Saturday evening there will be preaching service at the East Peru school house. All are cordially invited.

Mrs. Charles Walker and daughter, Alma, are away for a month's vacation, visiting friends in New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Edith Robinson and Mollie Walker are at the White Mountains.

John Hamilton is at Old Orchard. Mrs. Herbert Campbell is at the M. M. hospital in Lewiston for treatment. She is reported as doing nicely.

Mrs. Benjamin Boney went to Lewiston with her.

Rev. L. M. Robinson of Philadelphia has been visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Betsy Robinson has been visiting her niece, Mrs. Fannie Kerr, and nephew, Hon. W. D. Babco of Boston Falls.

Harold Walker, wife and baby spent a day recently with friends in this place.

Little Fiebel Gatchell, who fell to the barn, breaking and dislocating his arm at the show a few days ago, is getting along nicely.

George Lobb and daughter visited at Auburn and Turner last week.

Mrs. Alice Varney of Waterville is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. F. Kiddle, and other relatives and friends.

The outlook for laying at the present time is rather discouraging.

Mrs. Jane Gammon, who has been very poorly all summer, is reported as being very comfortable.

Mrs. Jane Brown, who has been suffering from heart trouble for many weeks, is also more comfortable.

Key.

The New Globe Boy—but what do you do when you ain't got no more green meadows to diet.

The Old Globe Boy—Oh, granddaddy to marry again—Cleveland leader.

LAWYERS THEN AND NOW.

Old-Timers Had Little Difficulty in Entering Profession.

The young man who wants to be a lawyer nowadays has a much harder road to travel than he who wished to adopt the honorable profession in days gone by. As a rule, he has to take a seven-year course in one of the law schools of the state, then pass the state bar examination, which is not planned to fill the profession with blockheads. "Formerly," said Mr. John P. Poe, now the oldest instructor in point of service—at the University of Maryland Law School, and former attorney general, "all a young man had to do was to read law in some lawyer's office. Then he went before the examining committee, which asked him a few questions, after he had been touched for by the lawyer under whose guidance his studies had been pursued. These questions, as a rule, were kept in the pigeonhole of the judge's desk, and if the aspirant for professional honors was very ambitious he could go and see them beforehand and prepare himself for them. When my father went for examination he was asked two questions, 'How many volumes is Blackstone bound in?' which he answered satisfactorily, and 'Can you tell the difference between whiskey and brandy?' He professed ability to discriminate and was passed. The men who became great lawyers in those days did so because they were naturally lawyers, not because of the training they received."

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WIT AND WISDOM.

Rather Suggestive.

"You look worried, count?"

"And I am worried, monsieur. I go to be rich young lady's house to ask for her hand and I fall over ze burglar alarm."

"Zen I quick arise and tell ze father I made a mistake."

"And what did he say?"

"He asked where ze mistake was."

—Chicago Daily News.

Woman loves a clear, may complexion, Backs Blood Bitters purifies the blood, clears the skin, restores ruddy, sound health.

A Game For Two.

At this moment something came hurling from the gallery, and narrowly missed the great tragedian.

Instantly he advanced to the fact-fights.

"That is a game," he said, in a deep voice, "that two can play at!"

And he took an egg from his pocket and threw it with all his might. It struck one of the pillars of the gallery and scattered itself impartially over 15 or 20 of the "gods."

He took out another egg, but he did not have to throw it; the first one was sufficient.—Royal Magazine.

Those who have stomach trouble, no matter how slight, should give every possible help to the digestive organs, so that the food may be digested with the least effort. This may be done by taking something that contains natural digestive properties—something like Kodol For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

Kodol is a preparation of vegetable acids and contains the very same juices found in a healthy stomach. It digests what you eat. Sold by H. S. Pashard, W. E. Hoesmerman.

Domestic Cyclone.

Breaker—Why wasn't you at the stag party last night?

Meeker—I was stormbound.

Breaker—Stormbound! Why there wasn't any storm.

Meeker—That's all you know about it. My wife got wind of the stag party.—Chicago Daily News.

DeWitt's Little Early Bitters don't

sicken or gripe. Small Pills, easy to take. Sold by H. S. Pashard, W. E. Hoesmerman.

'Twas Ever Thus.

"The girl I am engaged to," remarked Singleton, "is an earthly angel. I imagine I can see a halo on her head."

"Oh, of course," rejoined Wedderly. "But shortly after marriage you will find the halo transformed into an expensive bonnet."—Chicago Daily News.

Torturing eczema spreads its burning

area every day. Doan's Ointment quickly stops its spreading, instantly relieves the itching, cures it permanently. At any drug store.

Reciprocity.

The man stood contemplating the wreck of his automobile.

"Oh, well," he said, "torn about is fair play!"

"What do you mean by that?" queried the passing stranger.

"It broke me first," explained the other.—Chicago Daily News.

John Dobb, a prominent dealer of

Vincent, La., says: "I have been suffering with the itchy, red, and swollen skin of my face and neck for several years, and they give perfect satisfaction in every case. I have used them myself with fine results." Sold by H. S. Pashard, W. E. Hoesmerman.

Looked the Same.

Customer—Give me two yards of

hemp, please.

Shop Assistant—Very sorry, sir,

but we are just out of hemp; we

can show you cambric, which

looks just like it, and is less expensive.—Royal Magazine.

Doan's Regulets cure constipation,

tone the stomach, stimulate the liver,

promote digestion and appetite and

easy passage of the bowels. Ask your

druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

A Sky Request.

Edgar—Miss Elsie, I—er—have

something most important to ask you,

May I—er—

Edith (softly)—What is it Edgar?

Edgar—May I—er—would you be

willing to have our names printed

in the paper with a hyphen between

them?—Royal Magazine.

Don't accept a rough cure that you

may be told is just as good as Ken-

edy's Laxative Cough Syrup, be-

cause it isn't just as good—there is

quite a difference. Kennedy's Lax-

ative Cough Syrup acts gently upon the

bowels and clears the whole system of

coughs and colds. It promptly relieves

inflammation of the throat and allays

irritation. Sold by H. S. Pashard, W.

E. Hoesmerman.

Bathos.

He (telling a hairbreadth adventure)—And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves.

She (breathlessly)—Oh, how glad you must have been that they had muzzles!—Royal Magazine.

Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Its action is positive and certain. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by H. S. Pashard.

To Be Expected.

Married—Some men think more of their typewriters than of their wives. George—Of course, they can dictate to their typists.

There's nothing so good for a sore

throat as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Cures it in a few hours. Relieves any pain in any part.

Regardless of Cost.

"Do you wish to have a life-size portrait?" asked the artist.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Newriche. "It'll probably cost more for the frame, but, gracious! we ain't going to stick at that."

"We never repent of eating too little," was one of the ten rules of life of Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States, and the rule applies to every one without exception during this hot weather, because it is hard for food, even in small quantities, to be digested when the blood is at high temperature. At this season we should eat sparingly and properly. We should also help the stomach as much as possible by the use of a Little Kodol For Indigestion and Dyspepsia, which will rest the stomach by digesting the food itself. Sold by H. S. Pashard, W. E. Hoesmerman.

E Pluribus Unum.

"My wife," remarked Wedderly, "runs to extremes."

"How's that?" quired Singleton.

"She has a hot temper and cold feet," explained his wife's husband.—Chicago Daily News.

I'll stop your pain free. To show you first—before you spend a penny—what my Pink Pain Tablets can do, I will mail you free, a Trial Package of them. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Period pains, etc., are due alone to blood congestion. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets simply kill pain by coaxing away the unnatural blood pressure. That is all. Address Dr. Shoop, Bacton, Wis. Sold by H. S. Pashard.

What He Needed.

Splendid—I—er—wouldn't you say now for money, don't know, because—er—don't really need it.

Miss Castigate—If you ever marry I suppose it will be for brains.—Chicago Daily News.

Keep the pores open and the skin clean when you have a cut, burn, bruise or scratch. DeWitt's Carbolic Witch Hazel Salve penetrates the pores and heals quickly. Sold by H. S. Pashard, W. E. Hoesmerman.

Before and After.

Evening caller—I have been wondering who these companion framed portraits are, one a beautiful young girl, the other a wrinkled, and faded old woman.

Pretty Hostess—Oh, that's me, before and after marriage.—N. Y. Week-ly.

Galveston's Sea Wall

makes life now as safe in that city as on the higher plateau. H. W. Good, who resides on Italian St., in Waco, Tex., needs no wall for safety. He writes: "I have used Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption the past five years and it keeps me well and safe. Before that time I had a cough which for years had been growing worse. Now it is gone."

Cure chronic coughs, la grippe, croup, whooping cough and prevent pneumonia. Pleasant to take. Every bottle guaranteed at W. E. Hoesmerman's drug store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Wall Watered Investment.

"Have you been out to see the building lots you bought?"

"Yes, I staked on them all one day last week."—Judge.

In Self Defense.

Major Hyam, editor and manager of the Constitutionalist, Eminence, Ky., when he was severely attacked, ten years ago, by Piles, bought a box of Backlen's Anker Salve, of which he says: "It cured me in ten days and no trouble since." Quickest healer of Burns, Scalds, Cuts and Wounds. Sold by W. E. Hoesmerman's drug store.

No Secret.

"Do tell me, Mrs. Mansbridge, how you succeed in keeping your bird happy so long."

"By letting them mostly help. I really do the work, you know."—Chicago Tribune.



"If These Microbes Ever Get Unleashed, There'll Be Mischief to Pay on the Floor."

we have interests and gradually got into my different trustees

